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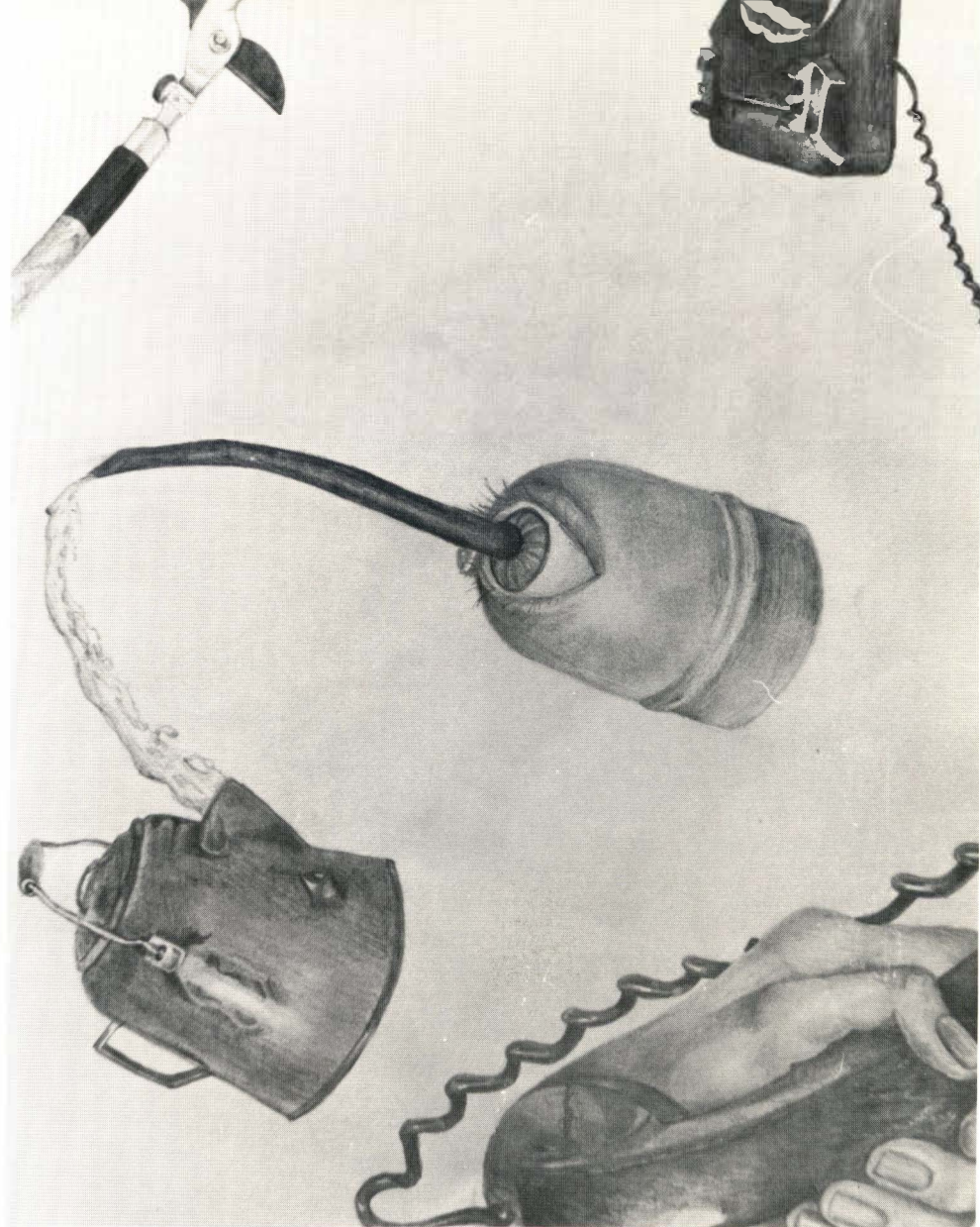


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BRUSHING

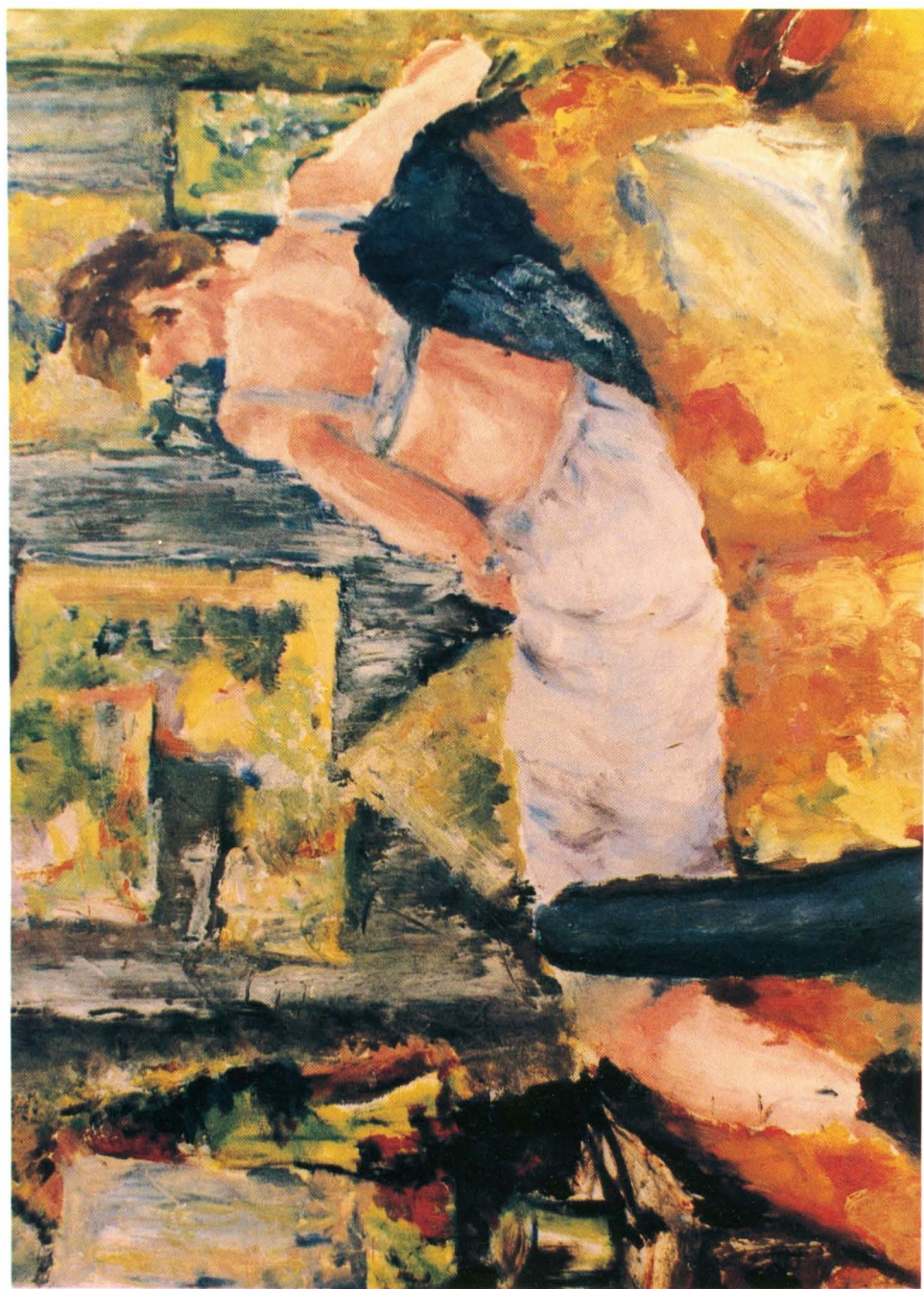


*BRUSHING*  
SPRING SESSION  
1987

Eyes which have seen much and will see even more. Paint brush and canvas are his life, who could believe that so little can do so much to one man.

His eyes were his life, what could he do without? A man of great age by now still filters his life with his eyes closed. Today he is dead, tomorrow he shall live again, will he ever be forgotten? He has left behind to us what he carried through all his life. I remember, artists never die.





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### *Sea*

As motionless as your sand,  
Soon the moon will make  
You move, and you shall  
Hide the sun behind  
Your shoulders,  
Tide.

### *Waves*

Roaring, growing every time  
You come closer and closer,  
the sand is no longer dry  
and soon my feet will be wet.

### *Soft as Sand*

From the definite,  
Into the infinite  
The sea and the soft sand,  
Like a pillow on a bed,  
As warm as a fire and  
As fresh as a flower.

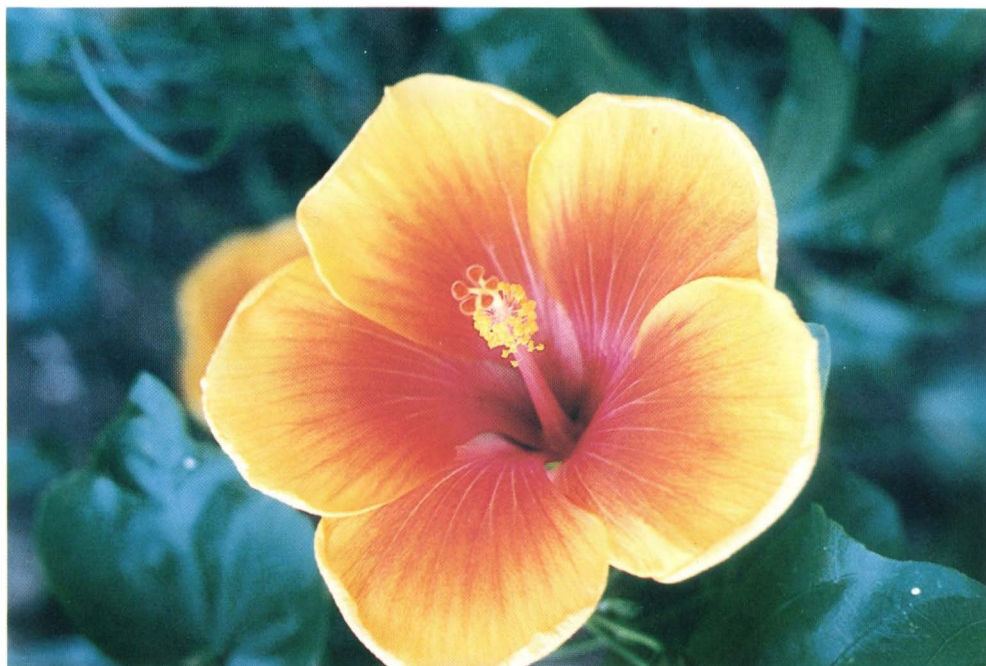
ELIZABETH CLECKNER



## *CHILLON*

Sitting on the stone  
Where years before  
Lord Byron had a seat.  
The prison of Chillon  
Is far away from sun and light.  
Where three men died  
And many more,  
A rose is hanging on the column,  
And next to it the name of Byron.

ELIZABETH CLECKNER



Drawn — out and tired from her hectic life, Margot rented a cottage on the shore of Maine. When she arrived she did not even bother to unpack or to take her bags to the bedroom of the small, single-storied cottage. She only walked in the door, put the key on a table, her bags on the floor and went directly to the beach, abandoning her shoes somewhere on the trail down to the beach.

The summer wind coming off the sea blew her hair back from her face, throwing it over her shoulders like a dark mantle. The sun beat down on Margot's now exposed unnaturally fair skin. Her dark hair next to her skin made her look washed out and pale, the greyness of her eyes blended in with the tone of her skin so that a person would have to look more than once to see the expression in their murky reflective depths. Her only feature that stood out from the others upon her face was her mouth, which seemed too richly colored and expressive compared to the rest of her faded features. She breathed the sea air in, feeling it soothe her face, blowing away cracks and crevices that she knew were there, caused by her day-to-day life, having to cope with frustration, hatred and the existence of people that she had to interact with against her will. The wind slightly smoothed the imperfections, the beat of the surf acting as soothing music to sweep her tension away.

Margot walked along the shore to explore the limits of her seclusion. Her hair whipped around her face, obscuring most of her features. Once in a while she would brush her hair out of her face to afford a better view. An elusive smile played across her lips, one that had not graced her features in a long time, if ever, a smile that seemed so natural now but had been forced in the past.

When she returned to the cottage in rhythm of the surf remained with her. She opened the large windows looking out on the sea to let the summer wind into the cottage. She brought the groceries she had bought in a small town inside from the car to arrange them on the shelves and racks in the kitchen. She then took her luggage to the only bedroom and unpacked, arranging her clothes as carefully as she had the groceries.

And the low, underlying cadence of the sea continued.

Margot woke in the morning with the sun, slipping out of bed she ran down to the shore. Standing by the sea gripping her forearms with her arms crossed over her breasts

for warmth, she watched the sun lift itself from the sea to dispell the morning haze. The warmth of the sun made Margot hold her arms forward to receive it, the wind pushing the sleeves of her shift up to her shoulders. After the moment passed she turned and went back up the path to make her breakfast, leaving the waves to lap at her foot prints.

The days were lost in a whild of suntan oil, paperback books and nostalgic tapes. Margot would loose track of time until rudely reminded by clock or calendar. Her pale skin burned, tanned, burned and tanned again. She swam almost every day in the cool grey surf. She thought only of the present, never of the past. And slowly her self-perceived cracks and lines disappeared from her countenance. She never spoke, finding relief in non-communication, letting the sea speak for her, a gentle reminder of another presence other than her own.

It began to become cold, Autumn coming soon in the north Margot stood, tanned brown and glowing, on the beach, surveying the sea with its color mirrored in her grey eyes, her breathing in as a close rhythm as allowed with the beat of the waves on the beach. The wind, a little gentler with her today, only teased her hair, sometimes lifting a strand to shift it to a better position, readying her.

Margot thought of her bags, packed and standing ready by the door, the key upon the table, all the racks and shelves once full, now empty. She touched a smooth cheek to brush a tendril of hair from her eye. Margot's lips, now merely striking in her handsome face, smiled a smile full of memory tightened into assurity.

Something tapped gently at her shoe. Margot looked down to see that she had gotten too near the sea and a wave had washed a shell up on the beach to come to rest beside her now damp shoes. She picked it up and looked from the shell to the sea. The wind dried the shell before it did her hand. Still regarding the sea with sparkling eyes Margot dropped the shell into her purse. She did not need to lift it to her ear to hear the ocean's music, or feel its serenity . . . now.

Margot turned to walk up the path to the cottage, her hair eddeying behind her.

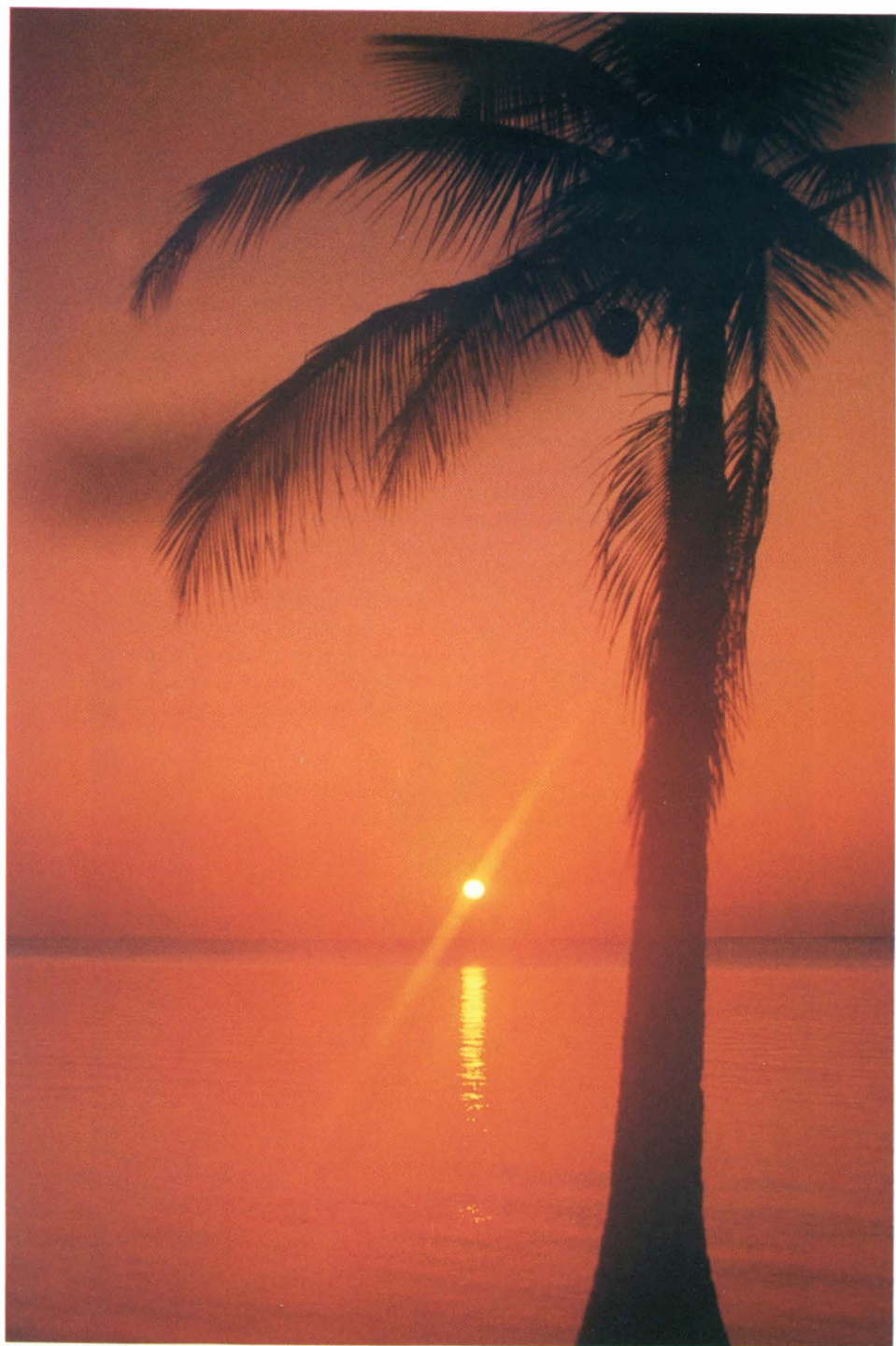
KATHI RHOADS

## *Oranges*

Round like the world  
dropped and bruised  
stabbed in the heart with a fingernail  
pried into and broken  
your mist shoots out  
like miniature tears  
landing and evaporating  
you are ripped naked of your skin  
pried open, divided in half  
with no decency or respect  
seeds of hatred bury themselves  
within fine packets of juice  
sweet, succulent, good  
and consumed  
like the world  
we rape it for what it is worth  
and then nothing left.

TIA BETHELL





## *NO ONE BUT I*

One day while walking down the street  
the sidewalk cold against my bare feet,  
I saw a group of horseman on llamas,  
in brightly colored children's pajamas.  
They rode along in two columns of four  
that stretched from the park to the bakery store.  
They sang songs of war in their queer ancient tongue,  
and from the tone of the songs it appeared that they'd won.  
No people collected to see them ride by,  
and hear their deep voices upraised to the sky.  
No one cheered at their victory parade,  
and the horsemen demanded no homage be made.  
They rode on alone, with none to say "bye,"  
not a soul had seen them, no one but I.



NICK ADAMSON

He spent his vacations in the sewers of Rome  
Amid the black-cloaked stench of disease and decay  
Hearing silver-toned voices of poets in his head.  
And with pale crooked hands he grabbed at the rocks  
And forcing his gaze eastward to avoid the sun's glare,  
He disappeared slowly into the dead summer.  
He was on the verge of the violent ocean when, he remembered,  
    he found her,  
Although he had never been taught to expect too much.  
He returned to a childhood of laying back in the grass  
Watching the starving crows and buzzards  
And thought, 'At last. The world is over.  
    'God has finally gone although  
    'He took all of our plans with him.  
    'This damned empty earth. Vacant faces. Hollow souls.'

He awoke in his old corner room undecided  
And from his high window peered onto the crowd at Doreen and Hill  
And realized it was Thursday.

Drawing his lover by her full waist  
His mind returned to thoughts of the sea  
And riding without time on horseback.  
And of how a butterfly flits field to field —  
Then stopped suddenly on the abstractness of the human condition,  
Of 'Oh, how I love thee!  
    'How pleasant to know you!  
While lines from the "Jabberwocky" rattled his brain.  
He loved to see his own seed growing in her already large and  
    pregnant waist.  
    'But it may be deformed. It may be a freak.  
    'The sickness . . . the sickness!  
(He smiled and thought of her birthing a monster.)

Under the Milky Way they ran hand in hand  
Toward a great shell,  
A shell meant for kingdoms  
And mermaids' boudoirs.  
Reaching toward the enchanted object,  
He met her smiling gaze.  
He turned over his hand.  
Her eyes turned to fear.

Slime consumed a rotted jawbone.  
It fell back to the sand to another dimension  
Fragmenting as it hit into ash-dry dust.  
Here where she once found glorious seashells  
They now find skulls puked back from the depths,  
Those depths which love blood-flecked flesh like the carrion  
crow who can have none.

Sitting on the barren flat ground under the shadeless old oak  
He felt the merciless glare of the sun beating into and baking  
his brain  
The stench from the cesspool that once was a river  
Floated into to assault his weakened senses.  
And all that moved was the tear on his cheek.  
‘There is no spirit — no God — anymore in the tree or river.  
‘This earth is hollow. A hollow rock!’  
He banged on his mother’s cold empty breast  
And heard only the echo of his own fists’ demands.  
Laughing loud, louder, until many tears came  
His voice in hate spewed blood at the sun.

Hanging from clouds, defying the sand, drip by drip it filled  
the earth.  
In pools of eternity small seeds rocked and cracked  
Sprouting happiness and marigolds  
Which strained wilted necks to find the sun and breeze to dance.  
(they died.)

As the ash-dry dust washed out with the surf to return to the  
ocean’s bowels,  
The woman slowly moved to his side.  
‘Again.’ He whispered. He smiled.  
And both turned to the briskness of a blue midnight breeze.  
‘Promise you’ll not forget the grass and the pond we stood by  
on that warm winter morning?’  
Her songs of moss and flowered plots  
And sick smelling sewers in city rain  
Hummed a buzzing of nothing over his long bony fingers  
Which lay sprawled on the dew of fresh morning grass  
Which lined the ground of the dank dungeon cave  
Into which he once had idly wandered.

— CATHERINE HOLLAND



## *SUICIDE IS BRAINLESS*

I've encountered a problem that's caused me to ponder  
a subject I'd always kept, "way over yonder."  
Though only in thoughts that I thought of in bed,  
there popped up the thought of me shooting my head  
I unthought the thought though as soon as it came  
for I know death is final and not just a game  
the problem I have is not one that is novel  
it's not like I'm poor or I live in a hovel  
the problem I face is a problem I've made,  
just how am I going to improve my grades?  
I've slacked and I've wasted the time that I had  
now my lines aren't learned and I've made them all mad  
I don't know the way to undo what I've done  
but I know that I'll never resort to the gun  
for I've realized how futile and stupid I was  
to think I could murder whoever I was  
to take my own life would be oh such a waste  
cause with parents and friends I have surely been graced  
so now that my mind's clear and calm once again  
I'll turn off the lights and return to my bed.

PHIL ZIES

## *The Cutting Of My Hair*

Now with my mother's power plays I usually am fair,  
except for when it comes down to the cutting of my hair.  
Because my hair has now begun to rest upon my ears,  
she sends me to the cutting block and helps them with the shears.  
It's not like I want pigtails, or hair down to my knees,  
I only want enough to flutter in a steady breeze.  
"But that much hair is too much hair!" my mom will always say,  
and when it's said I know that I'm already on my way.  
So to the butchers shop I go with curses under breath,  
to be deplumed of all the hair I'd keep until my death.

GARTH VAN LUDLOW





## *NOW!*

My dog, the duck, is rarely mad for she is him,  
and mooses feel that air is getting rather thin.  
The hunters know so bigger guns are made today,  
and cyanide is being sprinkled on the hay.  
The gophers felt the kicking of the dying geese,  
and all proposed to give up wearing coats of fleece.  
The roaches still believe the fact that twice a day,  
we humans bite the apple and are led astray.

PHIL ZIES



M.I. LUNCKHEDER



## *VAGABOND'S SOLACE*

We passed this way  
Without relief  
To a brief  
Encounter with  
Something in a summer's sky  
And faded lives of history

The day I die may flirt  
With me  
But the days we loved  
Lived tranquilly  
May o'er this stone  
Quite deftly lain  
May cherry blossoms  
Someday reign

GEORGE PRYOR

## *ANDY'S SONG*

I suppose the eyes of rabid flies  
are red in the light of day.  
But what then occurs when foolhardy curs  
determine to take day away?

ROBIN LOXLY



## *FALLING*

I have always wondered  
What it would be like to die  
I always think  
Of this huge  
Black  
Vacuum  
Just waiting  
To suck you up  
Into a big  
Black  
Void  
Weightlessness  
Floating  
Falling  
    Falling  
        Falling  
            Drifting  
                Away  
— B.A. COCKBURN



RICK CONGER







## *Primalness*

A searing silence  
and the harsh heated earth is softened by the cool air's currents.  
Tree limbs sway in the backdrop revelation of fading light . . .  
Accomplishment of anything has a neutral weight of needlessness;  
Noises at such distance perceived to give meaning to dull circumstances.  
Beset by forces of a southerly zephyr the boughs break off from their gravity-  
defying stock  
And fall with thunderous penetration  
Upon the mesh of green at observation's negative realm.  
Action hasn't the same reaction upon my vantage:  
Situations retreat at hurried clips;  
Passage of a time and strangers are forgotten —  
the moment's power lost once do depart the familiar scents.  
An open window in empty space provides much starry atmosphere.  
Sustenance and . . .  
and  
suspension.



### *A SMALL HOTEL ROOM*

A room like many others,  
Filled with sorrow or with happiness.  
I do not know which one to chose,  
For love leads to both.  
I have a boy, or he has me  
The name I've known for years,  
Though now her soul has come to me  
Like a wind blown leaf  
Which I tried to catch.  
I have a boy or he has me,  
Both crazy as love itself,  
Our happiness so great it is,  
That never should it end.

ELIZABETH CLECKNER







KATHI RHOADS

I'm jammed up in the doorway  
I'd really like to go'way  
Oh will you help me get away  
or will you leave me here

I've been stuck here for ages  
How long would take up pages  
I'd think you quite courageous  
If you would set me free

But I'm still jammed in the doorway  
I guess you had to go'way  
I wish you hadn't gone away  
And let me here alone.

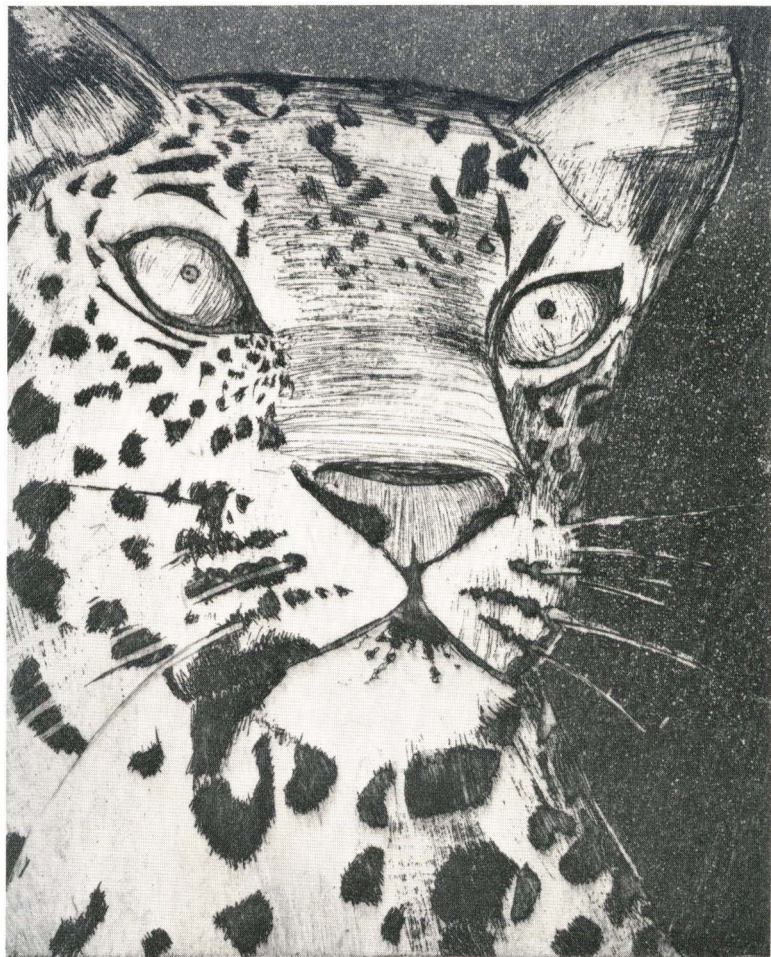
LAMONT CRANSTON

### *To Friends Not Here*

I hope  
as you travel the fields of life ahead  
you will glance up,  
not at the brilliant sun,  
but at the wisps  
of changing vaporous clouds  
flowing together and apart  
which gingerly decorate your path.  
And think of me  
and the times we've had  
just like those clouds  
growing and fading, joining and rejoining,  
creating special memories  
each moment.

LEAH MASON





MARK CAMPBELL

## A TOMIC POWER

What is the fate of history? It becomes peoplestory when we realize we left out herstory. Forgetting a section allows us to discover it later. In Athens, this cutting was called "temnein," which led Plato to use a "tomos" to record each of his dialogues. But even *his* entire collection of scholarly papyrus rolls were but a "tomos," a section of his thoughts.

What does this leave *us* with? A misunderstood source of energy. If writers produce only a tome, a section, a portion of their thoughts, atomic power must be infinitely smaller than this uncaptured, unwritten "tomic" power.

These conclusions, however, will be of little use to our descendants, condemned to guard the wastes left by our government's tomic notion of time. Our taxes keep an atomic clock alive, but who heard of measuring tomic time? Yet anyone who would persuade us to pass atomic wastes to our children's children is also asking that we remember selectively the important "sections" of time: a section when atomic energy was invented, a section when we created cheap post-petroleum power, and a section when the wastes were stored safely for a half-million years. But our thesis suggests other "tomes" of time: when an inquisitive youth discovers a burial site and begins to glow; when a defective seal gives way, releasing its imprisoned isotopes; when an earthquake (you fill the blank).

But I disturb you — quick, go to the kitchen, pour a glass of milk, grab two cookies and get a match: burn this sheet of time-sections which, when ignored, allow us to believe in eternal security.

And that's the fate of history.

S.M.C.





Let's sing a song of all that's wrong  
of things ignored for much too long  
of nature's treasures being stolen  
making purses fat and swollen  
add all that's bad and all that's rotten,  
out of mind but not forgotten,  
plus how the social system works  
and wars between the Greeks and Turks  
denounce the violence of our race  
and wave your banners in my face  
then pull your heads out of the clouds  
and have a cry that's nice and loud.

ROGER CORBET

Being lost is the Human Condition.  
And in trying to run from this pulling vortex  
Of discomfort,  
We compete for more ways  
Of becoming comfortable.

The inseparable destruction  
Comes from volatile weaponry  
Surpassing a managed balance  
And the speed of communication  
Between archrivals.

SHAUN BAYARD

### *NUKE'M*

"Nuke'm till they glow!" they said  
Nuk'em till they're all quite dead

Nuke'm now and then they'll see  
No one can mess with you and me.

### *BY AND LARGE*

By and Large the world is heading for a nasty end,  
By and Large the world knows just how it is going to end,  
By and Large the world is stupid if it doesn't stop,  
By and Large the stop decision must come from the top,  
By and Large there's really nothing that we all can do,  
By and Large, then, this is where I say goodbye to you.

PHIL ZIES

### *QUONITOCUTT*

You've flown past the place you name;

We have controlled you and have made thee tame

Serving as the caretakers of your waters.

Gliding past the Valley's hills named the Seven Daughters,

In centuries past you have allowed vessels to port at Steamboat Dock . . .

During the same time disaster struck the sailing ships against your jagged rocks.

Moving swiftly past your shores to where you are bound,

The journey that you began so long ago ends as you enter into the Sound.

ROBERT XAVER JOHNSON



RICHARD STOCKTON CONGER



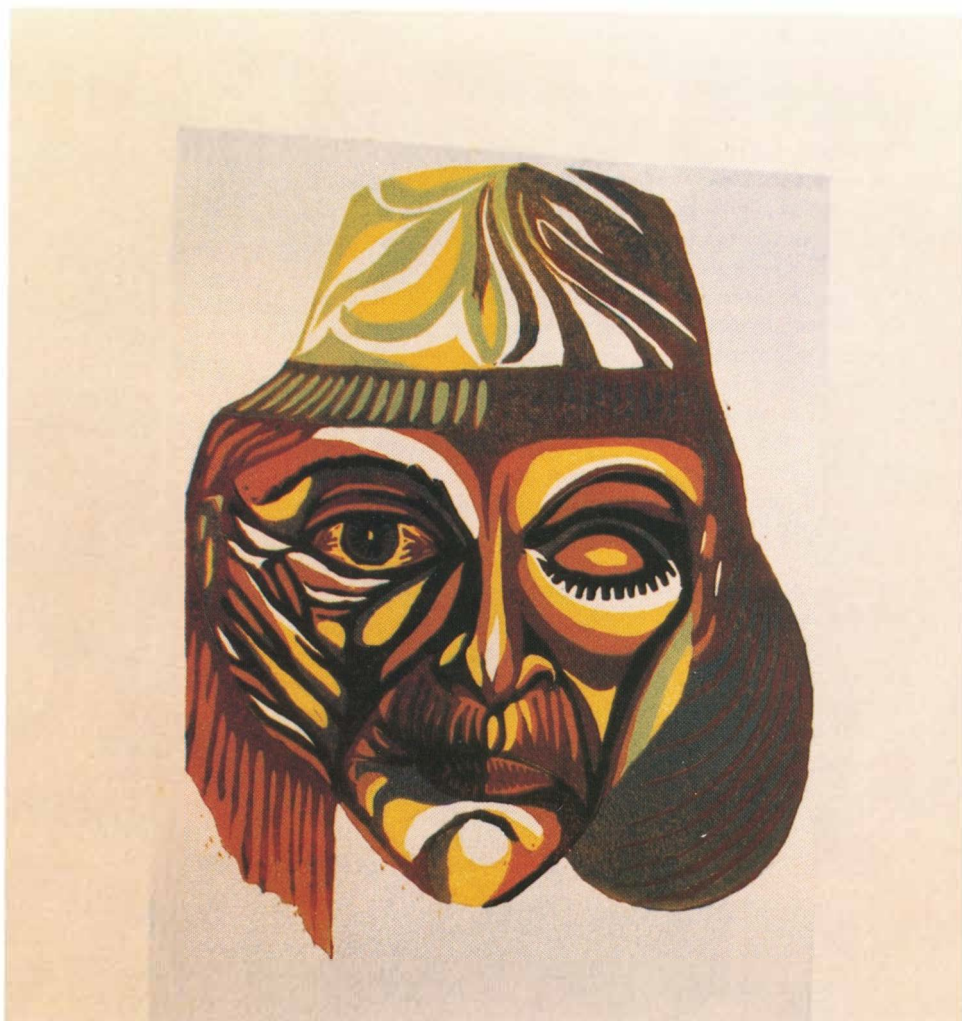
## *PART I: O Beautiful Introverted Invertibrate*

Out from threats and a Lie  
— This hollow shell now is I.

I'm out of your life.  
That's one less concern for you.  
So be happy.  
Tho' thought of you and me  
Reminds me to tell you what's recently  
Been going through my mind. You know:  
I've learned one thing from our relationship.  
— A big lesson in itself.  
Yes! I actually got something from having *known* you!  
Simple friendship with you even is a hazardous undertaking.  
Just to greet you, I understand, is dangerous.  
So to Hell with it!  
My mission in Life has been to preserve and protect life.  
[There is so much in it which poses hazards to our  
finite lives anyway, despite the Enigma of rotating  
dark blocks that crush grasshoppers prematurely.  
Should we not but assist the few but poignant inroads  
of safeguards that have been present since Our Invention?]  
It's ironic: All those songs which you sang that hinted  
Your subtle want for me I find myself singing . . .  
Of my want for you!  
We were half-way there  
All the while I was living on a prayer.

Thanks to B.J., I find myself all:  
Shot through the heart, darlin'.  
— You say to me that you're not worth the anguish.  
Are you worthwhile to yourself?  
This is still America — a home in which you *can*  
Care about yourself? Why do you have to be so damned  
Utilitarian about the whole thing? What's gotten into you  
That forces you to surmise that *he* needs you more than *I*  
Need you. Get inside of *me* to *see*!  
Over such a short period, you can't effectively scrutinize  
My discombobulation and compare it to his persona  
Problem of crossed signals and scathing memories.  
A black hole, he's sapped your energy and individual worth  
To replenish his sociopathic lack of healthy support.  
It's a Question of Balance — and your journey to the deep end  
Just rocks you off center! Can you hope to gain  
Your *own* middle ground? Or do you find comfort in  
The thought of sacrificing to no end,  
With taxing expense, only to save a soul  
— What may be vain afterall, anyway.  
*Utility* would define top priority to *self* preservation;  
So why do you bother with a hopeless case? What *Game* do you play?  
Despite your increased age: Are you *still* the Child!  
If *self* is so important for you, why do you constrict  
The life-line suited you with this crazy allegiance  
You uphold to a bothersome boa??

CALENDRA JACKSON



### *SILVER VISION*

The full moon  
holds horror  
or madness  
or disquietude  
for some — for me  
it has always been  
enchanting.  
Under its spell  
I can wander  
along the shining  
silver pathway  
it has laid  
upon the lake.  
There, I feel no  
anxiety, no fear.  
Peace and calm  
precede delight,  
and ecstasy  
follows, as I  
dance with the  
moon-fairies  
in total abandon.

DONNA JEAN HOUGE

## *THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION*

Once, too many hazy years ago,  
I glimpsed the universe, its heart and soul:  
What was till then confusing, dark, a foe,  
I saw as perfect, luminous, and whole.  
The vision waned, no one could understand,  
My minister was not the mystic sort,  
Nor did I know such vistas had been scanned  
By many who had brought the same report.  
In time I gained the comfort of their stories  
And knew my privilege for what it was;  
I knew I'd been admitted to such glories  
As saints partake in blissful consciousness.  
  
Although perception's doors have since been sealed,  
A glimmer keeps of what was then revealed.

ALAN NORDSTROM

## WHOLENESS

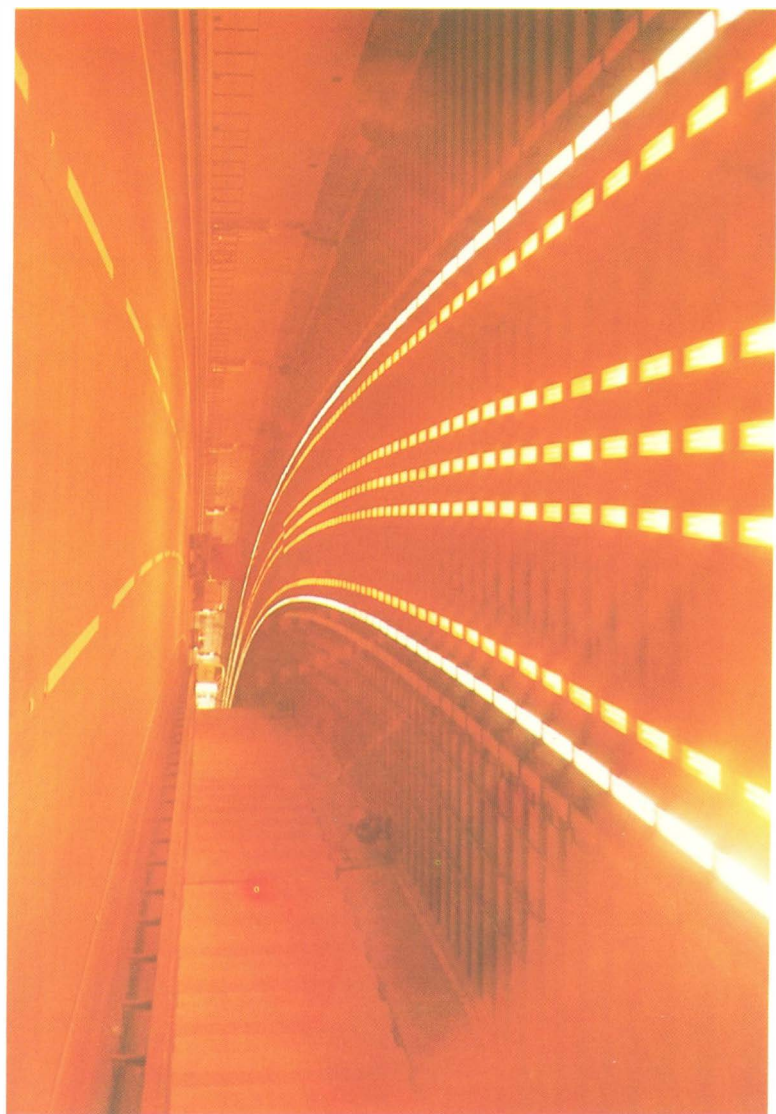
An action without purpose  
like shelters underground,  
we've just worn 'way the surface  
of speaking without sound.  
A concept veiled in mystr'y  
like symmetry of time,  
an atom without chemistry  
a poem without rhyme.





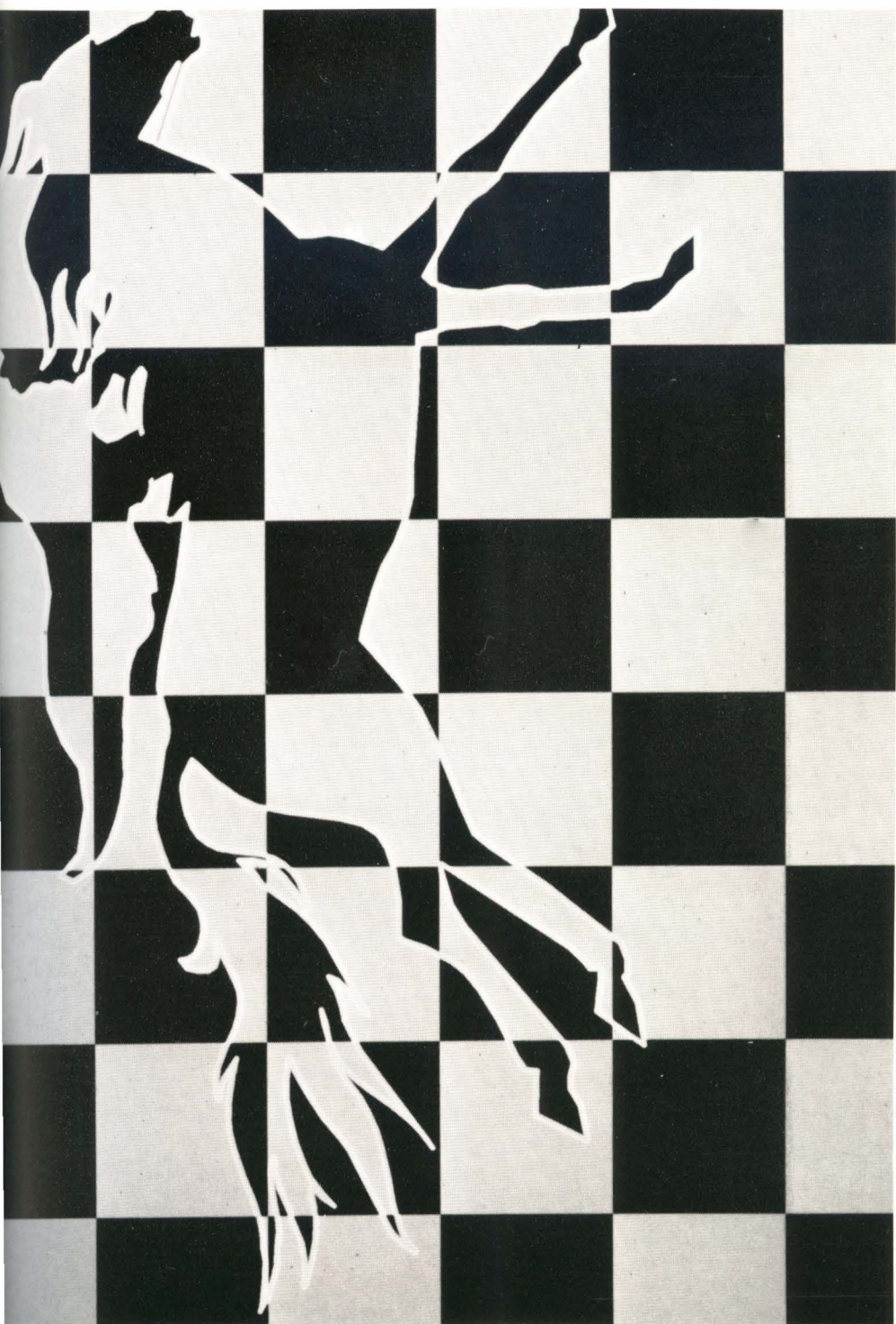
### *TRAIN STATION*

Crowds of people,  
But no one knows.  
I hear a whistle blow  
But still I cannot recognize,  
I rush, though what's the use?  
It's destiny, it takes me where it wants.  
Crowds of people,  
And suddenly I do perceive,  
That what was missing has now arrived.  
It left not long ago, but time flies,  
And so did she, where to?  
I did not care, nor do I now,  
All I know, is what I know.  
A smile or a tear,  
Which would you chose?  
It seems like yesterday  
But yesterday was weeks ago,  
Think of tomorrow,  
And carry yesterday with you.  
Only once is there a night,  
And only once there is a day,  
Let it live, for tomorrow is today  
A day with crowds of people  
The moment will come, then I shall be alone.



## *CLOUD LIGHTNING*

At sunset, sitting on a lakeside dock,  
I watched the heaped-up thunderclouds at play,  
Or was it war? Each billow seemed a rock  
Ranged on the horizon, black against the gray.  
The sun had sunk, but wisps of red remained  
To tint the water with a fringe of light;  
A crescent moon developed as day drained,  
And frogs tuned up their concert for the night.  
The clouds, though, were the only show in town.  
The gods were hurling javelins of fire  
Within each mound; light zippered up and down  
Then burst to conflagrate the ethereal pyre.  
Or was it play, a soundless symphony  
Of light and dark in grand celestial glee?



### Sharing A "Walkman" On The Train To Edinburgh

It's a low-hiss journey  
A Wales-England-Scotland mix  
As smooth as the quiet songs  
Easing in one ear  
And out the other.

When I find heaven,  
I hope it's like this —  
Stretched out on a small cloud  
Watching the scenery slide past  
With two headphone jacks  
And rewind.

BETH RAPP

### *CLAUDE DEBUSSY*

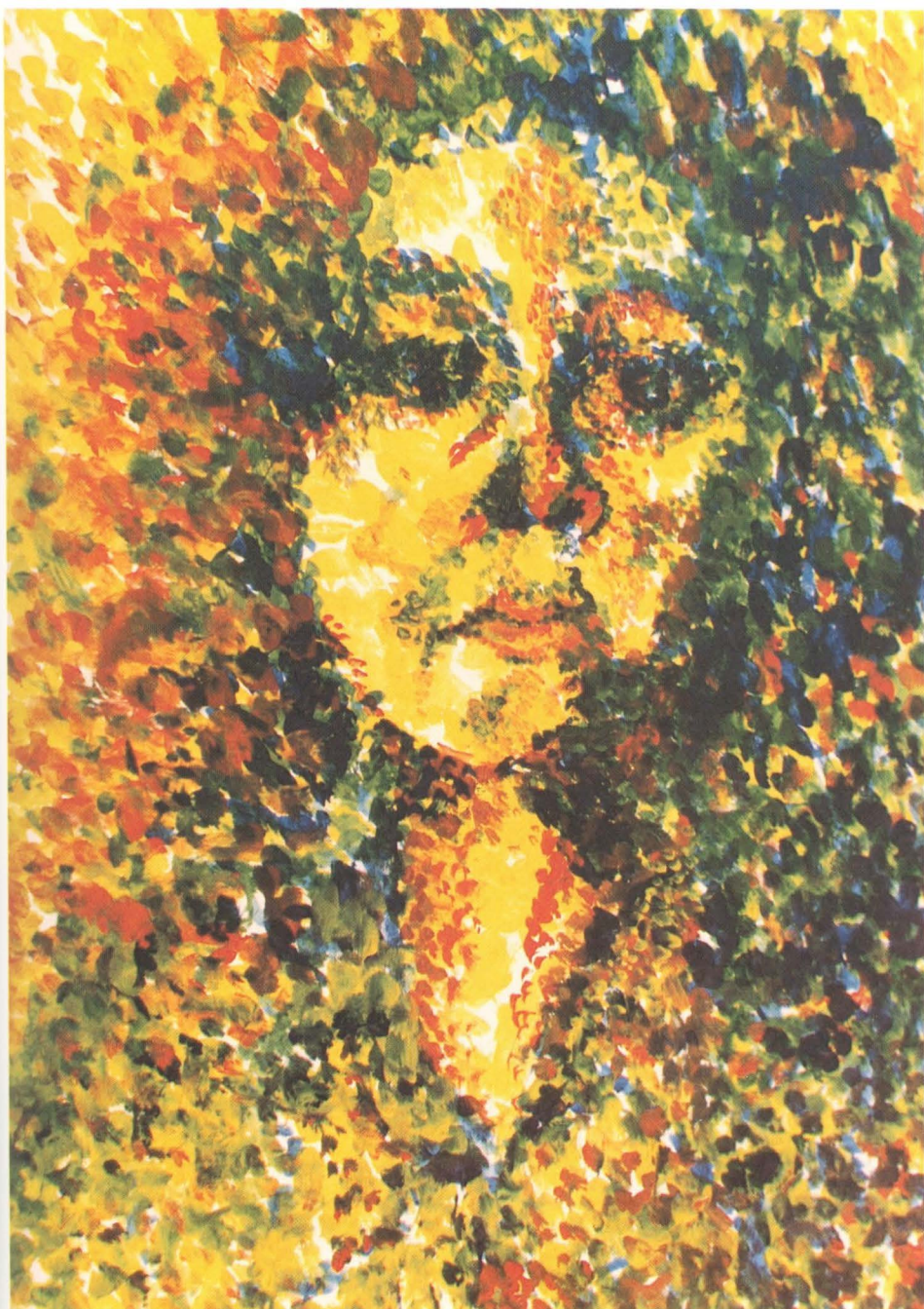
A gentle sound in the background, smooth and soft as  
the raindrops falling on the leaves of trees and then penetrating  
into the ground or the pavement when the sound is louder.

Written music which looks like frozen raindrops. Will they  
melt? No, but they will sound, and the sound will melt and fall,  
fall deep until it suddenly will rise, where to? I do not know,  
I do not see.

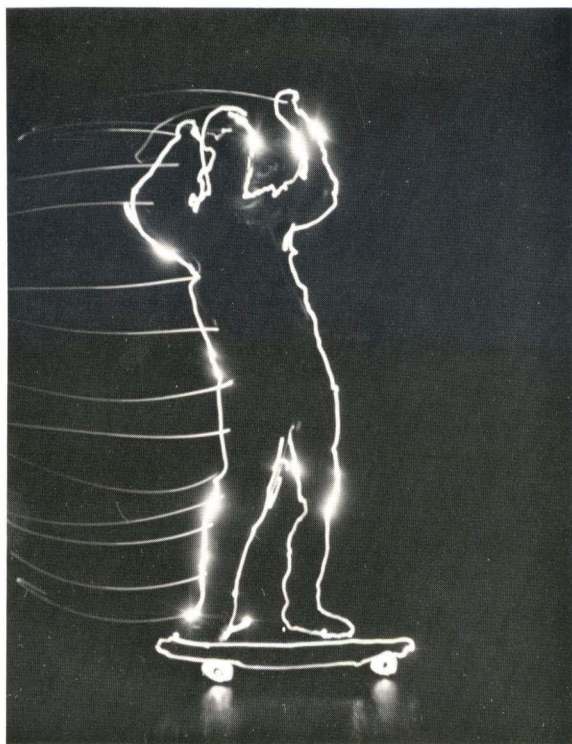
I only hear.

ELIZABETH CLECKNER









SCOTT CROWE

Repetition will be the death of me  
though I'll hide in the woods in a sycamor tree.  
It'll search high and low till my tree home is found,  
then by number run every point into the ground.  
Pooh bear and his pig friend will come to my aid,  
bringing cookies, and honey, and pink lemonade.  
We'll fight the monotony both night and day,  
with a picnic that lasts for a month and a day,  
Then a light all around us will brighten things up,  
and the tenth time my name's called I'll know I am up.

PHIL ZIES



JACK TOEPKE

### *DEARTH*

I lie here still and dressed to kill  
On a bed of ashen memories.  
This sublime repast subdues my extremities.  
I traipse the path of forgotten past  
I am lulled and enveloped at last  
Taken to far-off exotic places.  
Too far from me now — so many forgotten faces.  
Lost in the clockworks of time.  
Views obscuring memories of another kind.  
Too much to be spoken  
Like fun house mirrors broken  
Revealed as mirror mazes.





## PART II: IS THERE A SEQUEL ?

What would the Tarot show  
About this misguided, directionless tempest?  
Strange traces cause me to be still engulfed with  
Wonderment over the sweltering southern heat  
Which cultivates a tantrum incubated.

— I *suppose* you can tell your Conqueror

He no longer needs to worry of me

Ever hanging about *you* —

Because I no longer can.

Can I? Under the scrutiny of *his* evil eye . . .

*Huh!*

So, he'll enjoy hearing about this

— The disappearance of *me!*

And the *funny* thing about all this is

That after my affiliation with you:

He is still in the same way;

You *haven't* changed!

Although, I suppose you could say our escapade

Resulted in the knowledge gained

That you'll never be free;

Yet, I

— Like *Indian Summer* in the seasonal midst

Of a frosty autumn — or a *catalyst* which

Has failed to cause reaction properly —

A passing fancy —

Am left barren and aloof,

More saddened and confused

Than with each previous month.

A *faded* memory — I suppose.

*Will* I ever be more than this?

Ripples never come back —

So, should I?

As all I've been is a drop in the bucket . . .

Still . . . this puddle of tears beseeches thee

When you're only lonely,

I want you to know

I'll be available to you

Just to talk, to smile, to *be*.

The open corridor  
Locked shut for ever more?  
Can you find a key to fit!  
A torn page from another sordid chapter.  
Will you ever get to rebind it?  
*You never could answer . . .*  
(It's been a crock of sh-t! And I don't believe  
I ate up the whole thing.)  
You are going back to what's been done to *you!*  
Oh, sorrowful past.  
LOOK!! You've already got to pick  
Underlining revenge at last.  
But *Isn't That Special!*  
You're just doing it to the wrong victims . . .

You have your circuits crossed, Tigress!  
And until you really shape up —  
When your time comes to pounce,  
You won't be able to roar!  
It's been just one big game  
— Hasn't it?  
And now —  
No longer do I wish to play  
The role of Fool for *anyone*  
Anymore.  
As did "Bob,"  
Your "Adam" just got up and flew  
Away . . . having to release himself of suffocating walls.  
And we don't know how either will fair —  
Injured, alienated, and lonesome out there.  
Perseus becomes Icarus.  
The chapter closes.  
So, that is why,  
When unavoidably we meet,  
I find I must say  
At you  
— "*Anyway . . .!*"

ANONYMOUS SYNONYMOUS





## *FOUNTAIN HILL*

Oh Grief, Hurt and Toil  
Why do you lurk in our heart and boil?  
Thou' we've done no wrong  
Do we always prevent hope too long?  
You see the sadness in our souls  
As we suffer and take the tolls!  
Let us enjoy the pleasures of good  
Allow us to savor the fruits by not pulling us under your hood!

FORIS SCHAUB



The water has washed you away And soon . . . it shall do so again.

This holiday or holy day

In which I live

Makes me reflect on unreflected things

Like sorrow,

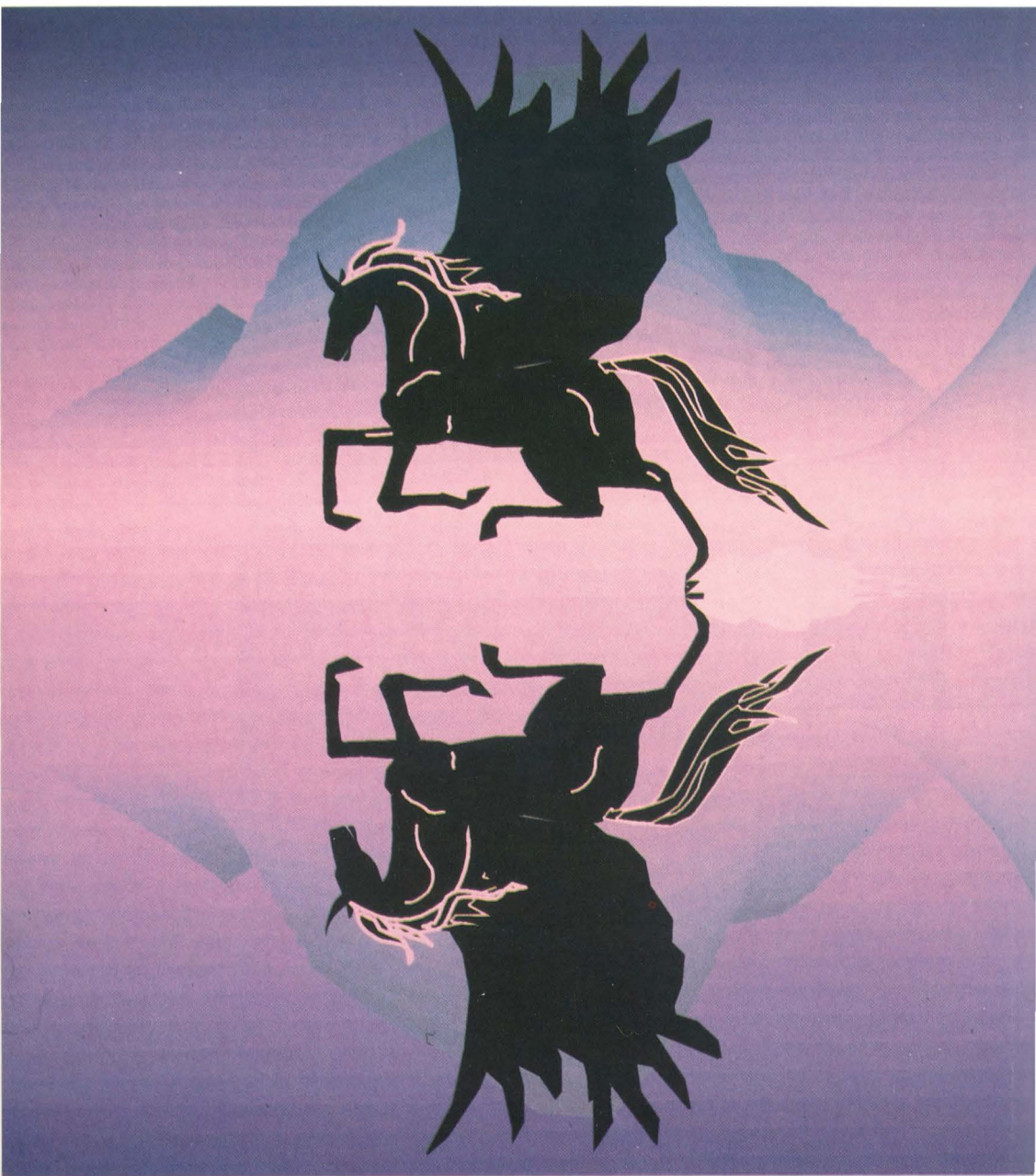
Which no one can chase away,

My love so great it is

I want it to stay.







## *THE RIGHT STUFF*

If the moon sees, than it has seen my birth and will see my death. The moon has been seeing before there was life on earth. We are such fleeting moments next to her; her existence is immortal by comparison. But rather than mock our insignificance, the moon seems to want to be our friend, the moon is god of the tides, friend to navigators and astronauts, idol of the heart for lovers, source of invitation for werewolves and their chilling comrades. Our moon is our candle of the night which blankets in soft white, those fearing the dark. POOR MOON, in her covert journey of awakening embrace . . . the moon has no eyelid, save the light of day. No shroud, no hiding place to let her rest. Where the sky has clouds and tears for camouflage, the eye of the moon shines through. She has no say in what we attribute to her, nor the wrath, or power of the sun. She is not wished upon like the stars, she instead just flies as an observer across the heavens. Yet somehow, we feel she is a link to something within us . . . that cares. What greater moment shall i find beyond the catch of her embrace? "Blue moon, you knew just what I was there for, you heard me saying a prayer for, someone I really could care for . . ." Hey moon, how ya doin'?





## *THE ABC OF NUCLEAR WAR*

A is for Atomic  
B is for Bomb  
C is for the Cities it will be dropped on.  
D is for Death, for these bombs are deadly.  
    And who will die?

Everybody.

F is for Fallout, Fireball and more.  
G is for Ground Zero, which is probably your front door.  
H is for nice Hole you'll dig into the earth.  
I is for the Idiots who think this will work.  
J is for Japan, the first country to get bombed.  
K is for the different kinds of Killing.  
L is for Life, which could completely end.  
M is for Mutants; the survivors who won't mend.  
N is for the Nuclear Weapons stocked to 'protect' the  
    nation.  
O is for international Obliteration.  
P is for People; and extinct Population.  
Q is for the Quarters of the globe which will suffer  
    devastation.  
R is for never ending Radiation.  
S is for Stupidity, Self defense, and Strategy.  
T is for Terror and Tragedy.  
U is for Useless, for these weapons are wasteful whether  
    we use them or not.  
V is for the Vacancy sign on every standing door; for all  
    places will be vacant after the third

World War.

X is for the x-tra terrestrials who will land here in the  
    future; take a look at what remains and see how  
    stupid we were.  
Y is the question to which there is no answer. Y if we  
    could nuke them once must we do it six times over.  
Z is for Zero, the post war population: the results of  
    a nuclear confrontation. Does killing them while  
    they kill us protect the people of this nation?

ELIZABETH CLECKNER





## CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

Life's very essence: Change! — Sometimes the most effective chance for one to actualize is to transfer from familiar surroundings — the media which hold one down — and adapt to the place one wants most to be . . . "Now that you're knowing, Pleasure starts flowing/ It's true Life flies faster than Eyes could ever see./ You're here today/ No future fears. This day will last a thousand years/ *If you want it to!*"  
(Michael Pinder, The Moody Blues)

SHAUN BAYARD

"Time present and time past  
Are both perhaps present in time future  
And time future contained in time past."  
(Burnt Norton — 1935)

ROBERT X. JOHNSON

To those "creatively uncomplicated" people who have empowered me — the traveler in me is close behind.

OLGA VISO

"We're not talking about whether it's legal or not;  
We're talking about whether it's wrong or right!"

JULIE DOBSON

BETH RAPP tries never to be an Accidental Tourist.

Blah, blah, blah — At any rate — blah, blah, blah.

JACK TOEPKE

"The Drugs have worn off" as one contributor put it.

"I feel an army in my fist."  
(Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller)

FORIS SCHAUB

NICK ADAMSON tries to handle initiatives. Perhaps the Tuna diet *will* work. It's been such a long time "I've been putting out fire with gasoline . . ."

DAVID BOWIE

I don't know but there's always tomorrow.

TARA MCGIVERN

"Farging Dangerously!"

MAL GORE

Welcome To My Studio

?

"Oh! No!"

HERB JAHNCKE

In lack of words to say . . . whistle!

PHIL ZIES

What more would be said? Turn the book upside down, inside out, and around to see what our art's all about.

THE EDITORS

**Ua Mau Ke Ea O Ka Aina I Ka Pono**

"Each thought and gesture are caught in celluloid/ There's no hiding in my memory/ There's no room to void/ Where the needle's eye is winking . . . There's only one direction in the faces that I see; It's upward to the ceiling, where the chambers said to be/ Like the forest fight for sunlight, that takes root in every tree/ They are pulled up by the magnet, believing they're free . . . I'm counting out time/ Got the whole thing down by numbers/ All those numbers!/ Give me guidance!/ O Lord I need that now . . . 'Cos we're only as strong, as the weakest link in the chain." (Peter Gabriel, Genesis) R. CONGER

"I was set free! I dissolved in the sea, became white sails & flying spray, became beauty and rhythm, became moonlight & the ship & the high dim-starred sky! I belong, without past or future, within peace & a wild joy, within something greater than my own life, or the life of Man, to Life itself! To God, if you want to put it that way." (Eugene O'Neill — "Long Day's Journey Into Night") A. KANE

\* \* \* \* \*

*SPECIAL APPRECIATION* of the Rollins community, Jostens, Jerry Gladstein, the members of Pinehurst, Matthews residents, the S.G.A., Ruth, Olga and all the contributors to this year's session of BRUSHING, which has been advised by Omar Castaneda and Maurice O'Sullivan under the auspices of the college English Department. These lengthy phrases held within the pages of BRUSHING were published in the Winter and Spring of 1987. Manufactured by the editorial staff, the Rollins Student Association and Jostens Printing Division, BRUSHING is an art and literary magazine representing student and faculty contributions to the beautiful world of Feelings. Your masterpieces are equally acceptable; so, send them to BRUSHING in care of The Editors, Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida 32789. May it be known that any names mentioned and not otherwise noted within context are coincidental and should not necessarily bear presumptions read from the printed contents.

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### *POETRY ITS OWN REWARD*

All other craftsmen when they ply their trade  
Turn one thing to another, usefully,  
And for their honest labors are well paid;  
I write to see what I can make of me.  
I am my own material; my tools  
Are but my senses, knowledge, intellect,  
And what small part imagination rules;  
My method but to muse and recollect.  
Out of myself, quite spiderlike, I spin  
The warp and woof of altered truth,  
A web to catch deceived attention in:  
No mystery, but craft, rude and uncouth.  
And how am I rewarded for my tricks?  
Iambically, in measured, rhyming stichs.  
ALAN NORDSTROM

